

Old Man, How Is It That You Hear These Things?

Gregory Crosby

David Carradine (1936-2009)

It takes calm to live a life on the edge
of ridiculous sublimity, descended
from Shakespeare & horror, grade B.
Take the pebble from my hand, Frankenstein.
Rev the engine, but do not move from the still
point, where the lens makes love in deep focus.
You bear the mark. No man may take vengeance.
(Women are another matter). Nirvana
is the light beneath flashing waves, high above
Sunset; you know this, though doomed to wander,
bound not for glory but for that peace, elusive
& treacherous as a serpent in its egg.
Master, what we have learned: you cannot kill
that Bride, eternal yin to briefest yang. Rest,

grasshopper. Rest.